

# Pantomime

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Mary Pickford



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## JUST ME By MARY PICKFORD

*You've asked me to give a resume of my artistic career, but I will have to choose only the most important spots. For it begins when I was a child of five years, and I have been busy acting ever since.*

*My first appearance was on the speaking stage—and I played a child called "Little Ted." Which reminds me that I am just now playing the first boy part I ever consented to do in pictures, "Little Lord Fauntleroy."*

*At eight I was already on the road with "The Little Red Schoolhouse"; at nine—a star! in "The Fatal Wedding." I was Jessie, the "little mother." Then I did much stage work until at thirteen I appeared on Broadway in "The Warrens of Virginia," a David Belasco production.*

*Then came film work—with the old Biograph Company—under D. W. Griffith. My first picture—"The Violin Maker of Cremona," a one reeler. At the end of eighteen months my salary was \$100 a week. I dare say I felt ready to retire and go to playing with dolls.*

*But I was only going to another company at nearly double the salary. Later I went back to Biograph for less money and better prospects. Even so, I returned to the speaking stage after nine months, to play the blind girl in "A Good Little Devil." Then Famous Players in 1915 screened that play and had me for the star. So that brought me back to the pictures.*

*They seemed to think I was a pretty good actress for one so young, for they conceded me a contract by which I was to have my own company and play for \$2,000. a week and half the profits. Later the Mary Pickford Film Corporation was formed which guaranteed \$10,000. a week and fifteen per cent. It seems as if my career was a dizzy series of leaps to higher crags of salary, but I assure you I was too busy trying to interpret my art to be very conscious of the various stages of pay advancement. I made for them, among other films, "Tess of the Storm Country," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "M'liss," "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley" and "Captain Kid, Jr."*

*In 1918 I began selling my pictures through First National as an independent producer. I did "Daddy Long Legs" and others.*

*A year later I entered the "Big Four" with Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin and D. W. Griffith. For this outlet I made "Polyanna," "Suds," "The Love Light" and "Through the Back Door." Now I'm giving them "Little Lord Fauntleroy."*

*I've been happy accomplishing what I have been able to do in so short a time; my inclination is to be even more painstaking than formerly, and to give my productions all that the whole world of art can lend them, besides my own gifts and energy. I believe that proves that even, if, as they say, I am the "Sweetheart of the World." I am not a "spoiled darling." I am today eager as ever to study, to improve and to develop.*

Mary  
Pickford



# How they Play



Mary Miles Minter has been around the camera so much she's gotten the habit herself. She took a big one with her over to Europe, whence she has just returned, and snapped everything in sight. This particular picture of her was taken in London and shows Mary "shooting" the Prince of Wales, who happened to be passing.



Dainty Marie Prevost is out hunting for something. If it weren't for the gun, we'd think it might be men. Marie has a deadly glitter in her eye, but we've seen her when she looks still more dangerous. In her one-piece bathing suit, for instance.



Raymond Hitchcock used to say "Treat 'em rough," but he was referring to women. Will Rogers has the same idea about men. His way of having a good time during rest periods is to play a nice game of leap-frog—with the other guy "down." He's shown doing it here. They say when Will lands on a man's back in one of his leaps it feels like a cross between the bite of a tarantula and a blow from a pile-driver.

When little May McAvoy gets the blues or anything, she goes off by herself and plays solitaire. She says it's the best medicine in the world. She doesn't look very unhappy in this picture—evidently it's coming out all right.



Out West, the boast of the cowboys is that they can "ride anything with hair on it." But Joe Ryan, who incidentally was an honest-to-goodness cow puncher before he went into the movies goes the old boast one better and low's as how he can—now—ride everything with feathers on' em, too. And to prove it, here's a picture of him going visiting on the back of an ostrich.



Constance Binney says the more she sees of men the better she likes dogs. Especially this one. Judging from the affectionate pose of the animal, too, that makes it unanimous. You'll note that the dog stands almost as high as Constance. It's not such a big dog either.





# My Most Thrilling Experience in the Movies

By Conrad Nagel



*Here's Conrad Nagel being attacked by a crocodile, during what he thought was a rehearsal but which turned out differently.*

**D**URING my career in motion pictures I have experienced several thousand different kinds of thrills, but for genuine excitement, of the kind that makes one's hair stand on end, 'an incident in Cecil B. DeMille's new production, "Fools' Paradise," in which I was the central figure has crowded almost everything else out of my mind.

The scenes in which I was then working were laid in Siam and I was the rival of a Siamese prince for the love and favor of a lady fair. We three had met at the curb of a deep dry well where the sacred crocodiles were kept, and my lady was supposed to throw her glove down into the pit, promising her hand to the suitor who should recover it. Of course, it devolved upon me, as leading man, to descend and battle with the beasts.

Mr. DeMille had obtained from a Los Angeles zoo four enormous crocodiles, ranging from seven to ten feet in length, and they were placed in the pit. Now crocodiles, away from their native waters, are not particularly savage, but these beasts had been at the studio several days without food and as one may easily imagine, a hungry crocodile is not a pleasant playmate.

It came time to rehearse the scene. I lowered myself into the pit and the four crocodiles immediately prepared for a meal. They started after me, slowly at first, then with the glides of almost incredible swiftness of which this species of giant lizard is capable. I backed away cautiously and they followed. I brandished a short spear, the one weapon which I was allowed to carry, but they wouldn't be frightened. My back was against the wall. In desperation I lunged at the open mouth of the

nearest animal with my wooden spear and he snapped it in two as if it had been a tooth pick.

With a shriek I grasped at one of the property vines which lined the wall and endeavored to pull myself up out of their reach, but my weight was too much for the fragile strand, and back I fell, landing flush on my shoulders. Fortunately the fall carried me several feet out toward the center of the pit and as I leaped to my feet I ran to the opposite side.

Before the crocodiles could get themselves turned about to renew the chase, the people up above managed to get a rope down to me. No sailor ever scaled the side of a ship with more agility than I scaled that wall of stone and concrete.

When I reached the top I sprawled on the floor, flat on my face, and I didn't speak or move as much as a finger for ten minutes. When I finally raised myself on my elbow to get up, Mr. DeMille was standing over me. He was grinning, but I was in no mood to "come back with a smile."

"Perhaps you think I had the time of my life down there," I said. "Well, I did. And now that I've had it, I want to tell you that I am through with crocodile stuff. When you get ready to shoot that scene you'll have to get a substitute for me. I wouldn't go down there again for all the receipts of this picture."

"Fine," replied DeMille. "You won't have to. You see, you started off so well, doing exactly as a man would naturally do in such a predicament, that I told the cameraman to shoot. He caught the whole thing, and it's going to make some scene. I'm sorry you had to do it, but it's good stuff."

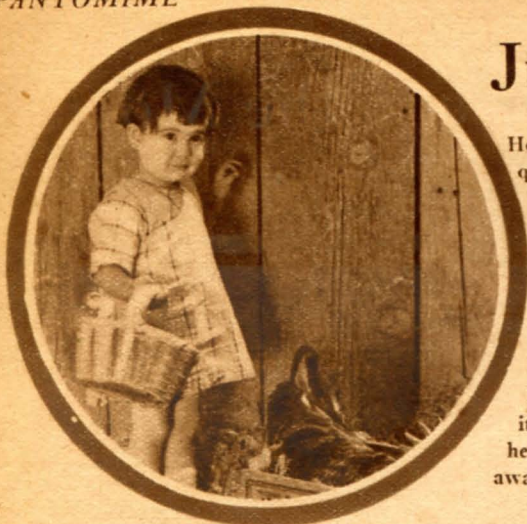


## Just a Baby

Here's Peggy starting out on a quest for eggs. Of course she hasn't any right to the eggs but she thinks she can get away with it.

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Aha! She's found the nest. But, curses, there's a hen on it. What to do? Well, the hen's got to be frightened away. That's easy.



## How Peggy

Some people live to a ripe old age without getting any nearer than hearsay evidence to a salary of \$150. a week. Babby Peggy, who is portrayed on this page, has reached that goal at the age of twenty-five months. They say she's the youngest star in captivity.

Not only that, but Baby Peggy has been a star for more than three months.

Some stars are made by "angels" with bankrolls. Baby Peggy was made a star by a dog. It all happened as a result of a vacation trip Peggy's father took last spring. Papa was a forest ranger for Uncle Sam and the salary, like most government stipends, wasn't any too much. On his vacation he went to California and while there saw



## "Broke In"

an advertisement by Universal for a youngster to act in Century Comedies. It was specified that the child would have to act with "Brownie" the Universal's mongrel wonder-dog.

Papa took Baby Peggy to the movie plant, where she was lined up with 487 other children, also applicants for the job. The Directors let the dog decide which one should be chosen. And the dog chose Peggy. They've been inseparable ever since.

Peggy got \$50. her first week, \$100. her second and \$150. her third. There's no telling where she'll stop.

Peggy's daddy has quit his job as ranger.



So! Madam hen has an ally in Mr. Goose, who objects to ruthless rifling of her home by this bold intruder. He presents Peggy with his bill in a highly sensitive spot.

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The only proper sub-caption for this picture is "Boo, hoo, boo, hoo!" Respectful attention is called to the fact too, that Peggy didn't get those eggs.





# Advice to Would be Stars

By Whitman Bennett



women is a knack in itself. Just as to some reporters a woman will tell her whole story, so to another she will scarcely give a line.

In the early days the film director was usually an unsuccessful stage director. No person of high repute would stoop to what was then considered such a degrading profession. Today the colleges are furnishing some recruits, but whatever the preparation, the director must be a citizen of the world—one who has had a broad training and has taken all learning to be his province. For example, this month he may be making a picture which requires a minute understanding of Chinese customs. Later there comes into his hands a script dealing with the Northland or one requiring knowledge of primitive life among Southern mountaineers.

For example, in my latest picture, "Wife Against Wife," it was necessary to plan and inject the necessary backgrounds and atmosphere of the artists' colony in the Latin quarter of Paris, whereas in another, preceding it, England with its own peculiar customs and surroundings is the locale.

A company when engaging a director does not take into consideration where or in what manner this widely varied knowledge was gained. It is enough that the candidate possesses it. David W. Griffith

has had myriad experiences in various kinds of work. Marshall Neilan was once a chauffeur, but worked his way up as an actor, writer and finally director. Most of the directors now come from the ranks of actors.

Emotional experience is also a requisite. He who would be a director should not be afraid to unfurl his sail and visit the various ports of human experience. Else how can he touch the springs of emotion in those whom he directs? No experience is ever wasted. All of them come into use some time. To be able to suffer and to rejoice and to express the gamut of human emotions falls to the director's lot.

Love of beauty must also be his. Some directors make a specialty of interiors, while others have an instinct which leads them to the garden spots of the earth, and with these shots they adorn their pictures.

To top off all these requirements comes the capacity to work diligently and without tiring. Nearly everyone can work when warm with the glow of inspiration, but he who can keep treading the plain of mediocrity without tiring until he reaches his goal is the one to whom the motion pictures beckon.

It seems like a rather large order to fill to become a successful director. One might conclude that it is a profession in which knowledge of Latin and geometry might not be amiss.

\* \* \* \* \*

By Agnes Ayres

**WEARIED** by his struggle to turn a Latin sentence into English or to solve a problem in geometry, the discouraged youth often seeks relaxation in the motion picture theatre. Why should he continue to labor with this uninteresting material which brings so little recognition in its train—at the best only his name on the honor roll? This is his line of thought as he watches a sprightly youth leap nimbly on a moving train or burst through a barn door in his high-powered motor car.

The discontented one makes a mental resolution to apply for a similar position as soon as school closes. Then when the years have made him a little too stout or stiff to perform such acrobatic stunts there is the comfortable place of director. He has heard how these directors strut about in knickerbockers, calling to dancing girls and sweet-faced ingenues through megaphones.

But before the youth turns in his Latin and geometry books it might be well for him to glance over the qualifications which are necessary for the successful director of the future.

In the first place, the prospective director must have an intense desire to create. If he can be happy at keeping a shop or making some article necessary to human welfare he owes it to art to keep out of the production end of motion pictures.

Seldom is tact married to executive ability, but the two characteristics must abide in the worthwhile director. He must be able to manage crowds and to discipline and at the same time to create an atmosphere of good fellowship and co-operation. The spirit which pervades a case steals into the film. And to manage

**H**ERE I am asked to give advice to would-be motion picture stars—and why? Surely, it is not because of my experience as a star, for I am the newest of them all. Perhaps it is because I had to work so hard in climbing up from the very bottom of the ladder—I have been in pictures for six years—that I am supposed to be well qualified to advise. But anyhow, here are a few "don'ts."

Don't overeat. You may smile at this, but it's important. Nobody loves a fat girl—in pictures. So if you are fat, forget about becoming a star. Or reduce.

Don't overdress. Flashy clothes never got any girl into the movies. Producers and directors aren't fools. Intelligence is as important as good looks, and the girl who is overdressed never fails to register "nobody home."

Don't overhear. Close your ears to flattery as well as knocks, keep your temper and go along about your business.

Don't overlook an opportunity. Never refuse a part, however small, if it has any possibilities. Many a picture has been saved, even made, by a "bit" well done. It means a better and bigger part next time.

And don't overestimate your own importance. You'll be a star when the public says you deserve to be one, and no

sooner. What you think about it will cut no figure, and what you say about it may make you sorry the rest of your life.





# Easy Money—for You!!!

On page eighteen there is the beginning of the Scenario called The Speed Girl. The installment is printed in exactly the form from which Bebe Daniels is now working it out on the screen.

Another installment will be printed next week — enough to give you a working idea of what it's all about.

Then you finish the story.

There are no limits or rules. Devise any situations you wish. Give it any ending you like.

For the best ending, Pantomime will pay \$50. For the second best ending, Pantomime will pay \$25, and for the third best, Pantomime will pay \$15.

You can write. And you have imagination. Grab the old lead pencil, and hop to it.

Send your stories to The Editor, Pantomime, suite 914 World Building, New York City.

## WHAT'S ON THE WAY

*EDITOR'S NOTE—The following announcements deal with photo-plays not released on the screen at the time this issue of Pantomime goes to press. The very brief sketches of the action of the plays are gotten from the scenarios. The ultimate pictures may be either good, bad or indifferent. Pantomime can't say, because Pantomime doesn't know—yet. Neither does anybody else—not even the directors. The accompanying "thumbnail" sketches are of the stars of each production.*



**PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT**—from the novel of E. Phillips Oppenheim, "Passers By." An all star cast headed by Rubye De Remer and Lewis S. Stone. The story details complications which follow the discovery that a British Earl and a French gambler are the brains of the criminal organization that has robbed the French treasury. The daughter of one, unaware of her relationship, takes an oath to kill her own father for betraying the gang.



**DANGEROUS CURVE AHEAD**—a comedy-drama of American married life, by Rupert Hughes, with Helene Chadwick and Richard Dix in the leading roles. The matrimonial express of the young Harley Jones' swings around some sharp curves, each of which, until it is passed, seems to spell WRECK.



**ACTION**—a thriller featuring Hoot Gibson. Three partners, Sandy, Soda Water, and Mormon, adopt Molly, an orphan and buy an apparently worthless claim belonging to her deceased father. The claim later proves valuable and certain unscrupulous persons endeavor to wrest the title from Molly. How the conspirators are outwitted, Molly rescued from her abductors and her love won by Sandy, furnish the action.



**THE INNER CHAMBER**—a Vitagraph production, six reels, from the story written by Charles Caldwell Doble, and featuring Alice Joyce. A society drama replete with action and big scenes. Holmes E. Herbert and Pedro de Cordoba are also in the cast.



**PEGGY PUTS IT OVER**—Starring Alice Calhoun, in five reels. The tale of a sweet girl graduate who comes home from college to find her father, who can control big men in the financial world, has been bested by some country folk when he attempted to make changes in their village. Peggy tackles the job, and "puts it over."



A study in contrasts. The hat, wide as the shoulders, and all in dull black, has the simple good taste that only artistry may devise. The coat is of pricelessly elaborate fur. True, 'tis a wise woman that knows how to show off to best advantage her good points. This proves that Wanda is one of these.

## A Glimpse of Fashions

## With Wanda Hawley



If handsome is as handsome does, handsome has assuredly done a man's sized job in this exquisite black and purple maline gown with beaded jade green panels over gold and purple metallic cloth. And Miss Hawley has all that is needed—figure, face and personality—to show it off to the best advantage. It is an Ethel Chaffin creation.



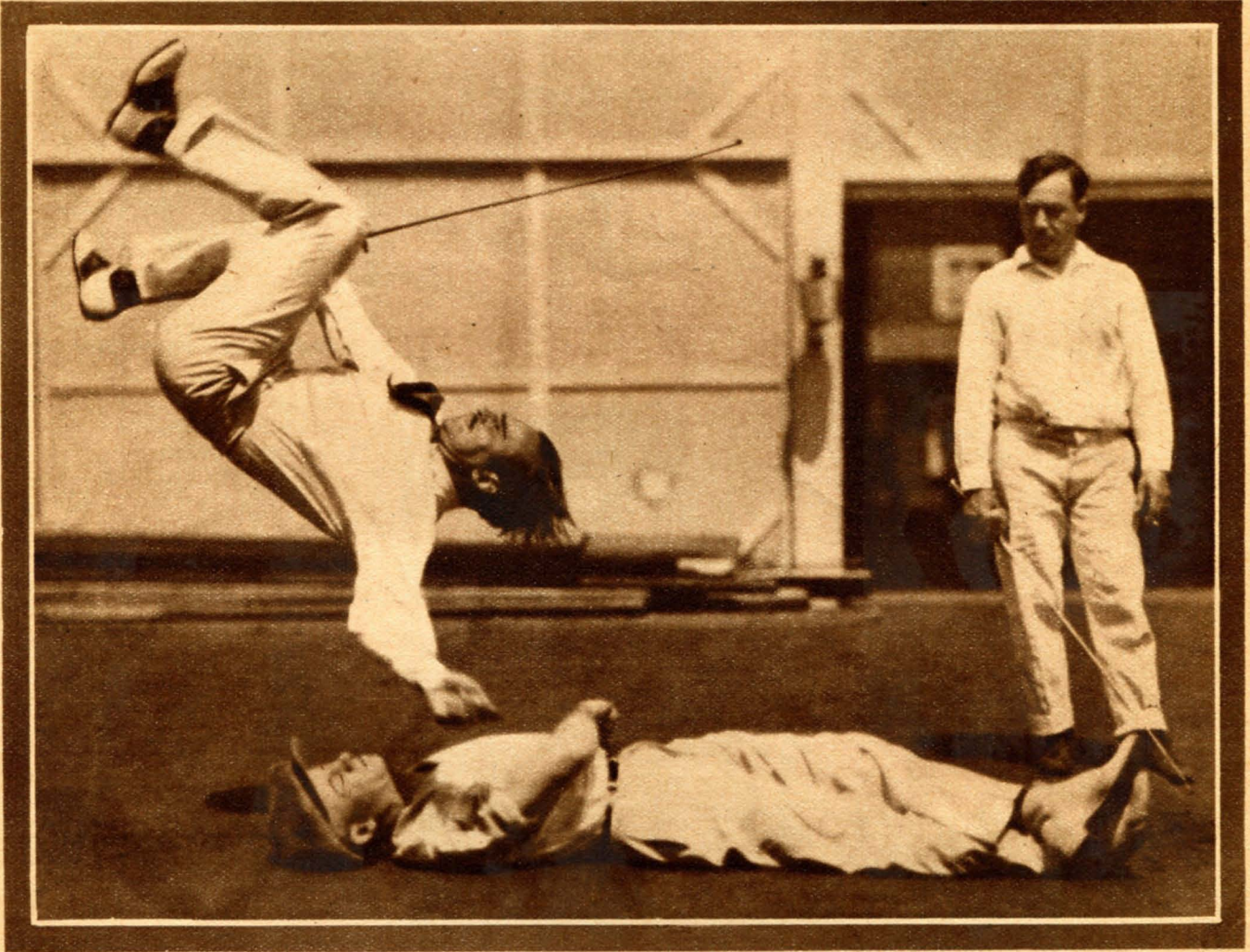
Even the modern appliances of the most modern photography can't do justice to this exquisite creation which provides such a fitting envelope to such a fair lady. The back and front panels are of crystal beads, with wide insert of rose and jade green bugle fringe. Something like gilding the lily, eh?

"Age cannot wither, nor custom stale—" We refer to the cape and the skirt underneath it; not to Wanda. The cape is a handsome, hand-embroidered affair, of Spanish goods and manufacture. The skirt is seventy-three years old (yes, in spite of the fact it doesn't sweep the ground). It is of yellow felt, with the colored embroidery mirroring the fire of the Spanish temperament. And note the cape collar of monkey fur. So much for modernity!



# Daring to be a Dare Devil

By Douglas Fairbanks



*This picture shows a rehearsal of one of the most spectacular stunts ever flashed on the films. The man in the air is Douglas Fairbanks, upsidedown view. In the background is Eugene Pallatte, who plays Aramis in "The Three Musketeers." In this stunt "Doug," while turning a hand-spring, stabs the man on the ground. While landing on his feet he gets another man standing just out of the picture.*

**S**TUNTS are naturally expected of one who has plentifully decorated his motion picture career with them. So my constant problem is to devise new ones and to perform them effectively.

I ought to add that the manner of doing them means something. A stunt that is done with a convincing appearance of joy in doing it so far overshadows one performed with evident effort or anxiety, that there is no comparison. Of course, athletic adaptiveness and always consistent physical condition is essential to safe and successful "stunting."

I was in a manner reared to it, not with the idea of becoming a mere acrobat, but with the purpose of being so physically accomplished that I could do the ordinary things of life with ease, grace and efficiency. For with ease, grace and efficiency must the actor do everything he does, or he will not be ideal in his roles. It was to be an actor that I was preparing.

Even in my boyhood I seriously took up fencing lessons, which are now coming to good results in my newest and most ambitious film "The Three Musketeers." At the end of the first of six months I spent in work on this picture I had lost ten pounds from my ordinary "rest period" weight, and was in the finest sort of trim for the various feats I had to undertake.

It is difficult to say just what form of sport to prefer for an active, slam-bang silversheet career. To my own taste riding is admirable. I certainly had to be well up in it in "The Mollycoddle" where I had desert scenes, in one of which I rode down and roped at one swoop a gang of eight "bad men."

For muscular stimulation of every fiber of the body, I like swimming. Many is the battle in and under water I have had to stage—and each time I was glad not only that I was a swimmer, but thanked my stars that I was a good swimmer. Otherwise some of my narrow escapes from drowning might not have been escapes at all.

And as for jumping, don't imagine that to be as offhand as it looks. My wild leaps off a cliff into a tree top in "The Mollycoddle" and off a roof in "The Mark of Zorro" and off a higher roof in "The Three Musketeers" are not the accomplishments of a moment. They are rather the cumulative evidence of hard work in the gymnasium and on the cinder track.

But speaking of gymnasiums, the great out-doors is my favorite one. I have become so chronically tanned that it would take about a year of treatment to bleach me into a pond lily type.

However, I'm not anxious to forego a good, vigorous, healthy, active life for any such treatment.



# Who is The Prettiest ?



And here's dainty Elsie Ferguson, who was a star in the "Talkies" before she went on the screen. She's just as sweet to talk to as she is to look at—and that's going some.

Sylvia Breamer works for the Goldwyn people. She comes from Australia where she used to play in melodramas. Most folks associate Australia with blondes, but Sylvia has midnight hair and golden eyes. But her skin is like new milk.



Barbara Castleton is another Goldwyn star who can play the sweet girl graduate, the haughty young society matron, the ingenue, or the baby vamp, with equal ease. Off the screen she looks like a high-school girl. If all high school girls looked like her, however, school days would be a heap more pleasant.



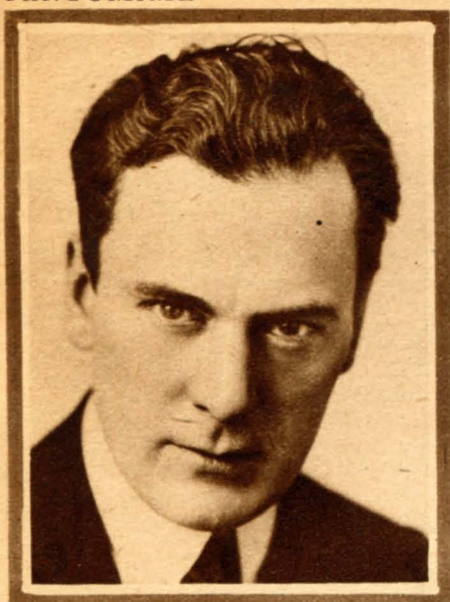
Here's Lois Wilson, who stars for Paramount, and who gets about a ton of mail from admirers every blessed day of her life. She's worth it, too.

Corinne Griffith who makes pictures for Vitagraph is of the piquant type, sometimes—and then again she's just wistful looking. But whatever her mood she's about as easy to look at as anyone we know. How about it?





# Who is The Most Handsome ?



Thomas Meighan, who works for Paramount, is supposed to be one of the world's champion love makers (only on the screen of course). When he kisses his leading woman, the girls in the front row hold their breath.



Richard Barthelmess, a First National star, is also pretty good at that love making stuff. He has a different technique from the others—but judging from his mail, he has just as big a following as any of 'em.



Charles Ray looks like a college boy, doesn't he? As a matter of fact, however, he's been a star for so long it lost all its novelty. Also a wonderful love maker for whom many feminine hearts are sighing. It must be true, because the girls themselves write and tell him so.



"Toney" Moreno is of the dashing dark Latin type that his name implies. He just seems to breathe fire and passion, doesn't he girls? He's just a youngster, too. He does his best work portraying Spaniards and South Americans, and such like.

Rudolph Valentino is another of the Latin type of male stars. Also, he's another champion screen love maker. Some day Pantomime is going to get him to write us a confidential story about how he does it. For he sure knows how.





# "Dawn of the East"

A play of the old and new world starring ALICE BRADY

**F**LEEING the revolution in Russia by way of the Orient, Countess Natalya, a Russian noblewoman and her young sister, got as far away from the desolation of their own country as Shanghai. There, without funds or friends better off than themselves, they were forced to tarry for many months. Countess Natalya earned a meager living for herself and her invalid sister by dancing in the cafe of the Almond Blossom, but never enough to get away from the city she loathed to her ultimate goal—America. Bitter Poverty was her constant Handmaiden.

Countess Natalya's beauty did not go unnoticed by the habits of the Almond Blossom, and one of them, Wu Ting, a wealthy merchant, determined to possess this exquisite flower of another race. Her poverty, he believed, would ultimately deliver her into his hands.

Meanwhile, Sotan, an art dealer and his friend, watched Wu Ting's unsuccessful suit with cynical amusement.

One night, as Natalya was leaving the Almond Blossom to hurry home to her sister, she met Roger Strong and his mother just entering. Strong was a young American sent to arrange certain trade concessions with Pekin officials. He had completed his mission, and was sight-seeing with his mother for a few days before returning to America.

Roger Strong had known Countess Natalya in Russia, before the revolution swept her family and her fortune away. He assumed she, also, was sight-seeing, and through pride, she let him think so.

It wasn't long before Sotan, the art dealer, noted that Roger and Natalya were vastly interested in each other, and straightway he hatched a plan to use the girl as his agent to obtain information about Roger's mission. For Sotan was a fanatical imperialist, constantly and secretly working to overthrow the Democratic Chinese Republic.

The very next day Sotan went to Natalya and proposed a plan whereby she could get enough money to leave China.

"Pretend to accept Wu Ting's offer of marriage, and obtain the betrothal settlement he is willing to make," he told her. "Then I, myself, will help you to escape before the marriage is consummated."

Natalya shrank from the plan, but her agonizing anxiety over her sick sister's condition goaded her on. Finally she agreed.

Sotan lost no time in arranging the details of the betrothal ceremony. Wu Ting paid over the betrothal money with a leer, and poor Natalya, clad in elaborate betrothal robes which Wu Ting had sent her, was forced to go through the ceremonies of paying homage to Wu Ting's ancestors in his home. Then

she was led to the bridal chamber, where her yellow-skinned bridegroom reluctantly left her. Custom demanded that he spend the night feasting with his men relatives and friends.

True to his promise, Sotan helped Natalya to escape during that night. Before dawn she and her sister were aboard an outgoing steamer bound for America.

A few months later Sotan, the crafty, followed Natalya to America, found her visiting the Strong's, and threatened to expose her to them as the bride of Wu unless she agreed to pump Roger about

his Chinese mission and report in full to him (Sotan). But Natalya, infuriated, told Roger herself that same day, and Roger, full of love and pity, wrote out and mailed a check for the full amount of the betrothal settlement to Wu Ting.

"Now," he said, "you must marry me—this

very day." And Natalya blushed and said "yes."

Roger gave Sotan twenty-four hours to get out of America, but the Chinaman, undaunted, arranged for the publication of his own death notice instead, and then cabled for Wu Ting to come at once.

"Your missing bride," said his message, "has been found."

When Wu Ting arrived Sotan called Natalya on the telephone and told her that her husband was waiting for her at a certain Chinese art store. Natalya was stunned to hear the voice of the loathsome little man she had believed dead, but made haste to obey his ominous summons. When she arrived, she was ushered into the presence of Wu Ting, and told he was legally her husband. In China, it seems, receiving betrothal money, entering a man's house in the red bridal chair, and paying homage to his ancestors, constitutes a legal marriage.

Natalya, desperate, threw herself on Wu's mercy, and told him how Sotan, not

she had planned the deception and flight. In a moment Wu Ting had leaped at Sotan and killed him. Then gallantly he tore up the betrothal document, and turned to Natalya.

"I should have been proud to have you for my wife," he said, "but not against your will. I give you to the man you love."

Thus, out of the East, which she had hated so much, came happiness.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Culver Landis has a home-made automobile. He built it all himself, from differential to steering wheel—and then celebrated by going out and getting into a smash-up. He's patching it up now, and expects to enter it in the races this fall. Incidentally, he's looking for a name for it.





# Confession of a Camera Man

**N**EXT to the necromancer's wand the motion picture camera probably is the greatest instrument of illusion in the field of amusement today. It is not uncommon on the screen for the leading lady to talk to herself, dreamers to see visions of themselves in another world, and transparent bodies to appear in scenes with real flesh and blood persons.

When you see a dual role character in a movie shake hands with himself, just check it up to the well-known double exposure. This expressive studio term means just what it says—that the film is exposed twice. There is more than one way to make this illusion, as was illustrated in the filming of "Forever," a picture based on Du Maurier's novel, "Peter Ibbetson."

In this picture all three forms of double exposures were used—the split stage, the transparent exposure, and the oblique dissolve. Of these the first is the simplest. One half of the film in the camera is masked with a brass disk while the other half is exposed with the character in position. When the required number of feet is exposed the character reverses his position, the film is rewound and the mask is changed to cover the exposed half of the film. Then the scene is "shot" all over again. In this manner scenes where the same person is seen talking to himself are made.

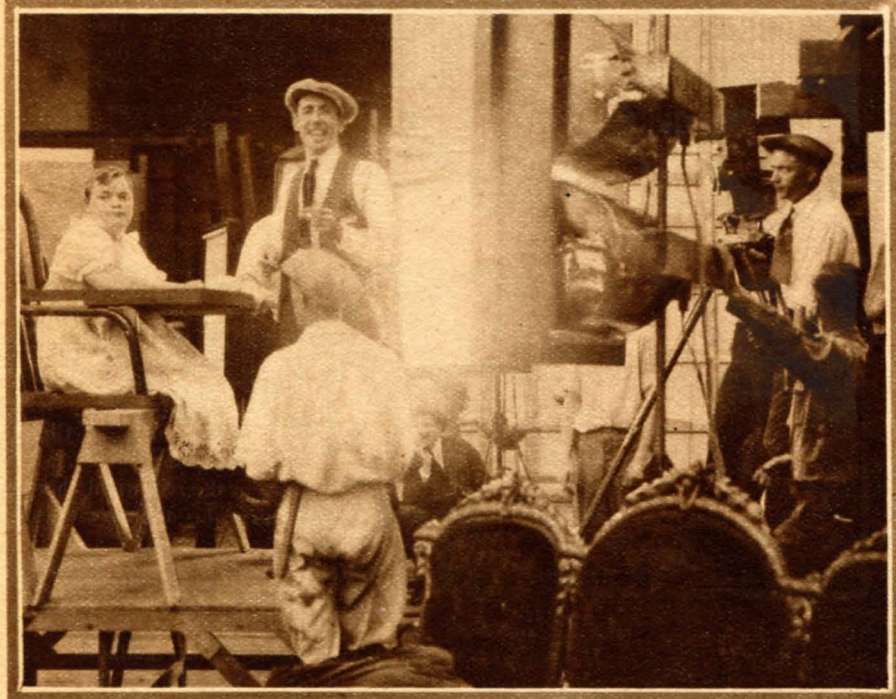
In the second method where the characters appear as ghosts or transparent figures in a scene, a different process is used. The scene in which the characters are to appear is photographed in the usual

The third method—the oblique dissolve—is made by the use of a dissolve machine which is fastened to the camera in front of the iris. With this machine any part of the film can be exposed. It is in this manner that scenes which show characters telling of their childhood, in which the new picture begins in the corner of the film and gradually fades into the entire picture, are made. This is the most difficult method and is the one most used in "Forever." By this means the "Duchess of Towers," played by Elsie Ferguson, and "Peter Ibbetson," Wallace Reid's role, are shown dreaming of Algeria, Venice, and of their return to their old home, and Pasquier garden in Passy, France.

Another interesting method of creating an illusion was used in



*Here's William S. Hart laying rough hands on himself. The accompanying article tells how it's done.*



"Brewster's Millions," a Paramount picture in which Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle appeared as a baby. This time the cameraman was aided by the stage carpenter. All the furniture used in the baby scenes was over sized so that when the pictures were taken with the huge furniture in focus Arbuckle appeared as a small child.

Many trick scenes are made by reversing the camera action. When persons are run over by automobiles, for instance, the camera is turned backwards and the effect, when thrown on the screen in the theatre, is just the reverse, showing the automobile moving forward.

By increasing or diminishing the speed with which the camera crank is turned many odd and curious bits of action are portrayed. The development of the slow motion camera is one example of this.

While the double exposure and trick methods of the camera may be highly interesting to the motion picture audience they are the cameraman's bugaboo. If you want to see a cameraman frown and tear his hair just tell him that the picture he is about to "shoot" is full of double exposures. Great care and precision are necessary when freak scenes are to be made and they are a source of great worry for the man who turns the crank.

manner. If it is an exterior scene—a wood for instance, in which the spectre is to appear, the film is exposed, the heights of the camera from the ground measured, and the distance from the spot where the figure is supposed to appear is taped-off. The film is rewound in the camera and the character, who is to be double exposed, is put in front of a black velvet curtain in the studio, and after the distance and height of the camera is measured, the film is exposed again. When the picture is shown on the screen in your theatre, the figure appears as a ghost walking through the wood.





Here are Laura Lavarnie, Hallam Coolie, Cullen Landis, and Sylvia Breamer, in a scene from "The Man with Two Mothers," a forthcoming Goldwyn production which is said to be a thriller from 'way back.



Here's Constance Binney in one of her transformations from a good little girl to a very, very bad one, in "The Case of Becky," a play based on dual personality. The story, incidentally, is founded on a case in real life.

Jean Paige, Vitagraph star, and incidentally wife of the president of that company, is here shown being choked by a gorilla in a serial she is making called "Hidden Dangers." Of course it isn't a real for true gorilla, though. That would be a bit too dangerous.



Ernst Lubitsch director and actor, Harry Liedtke, and Pola Negri in "One Arabian Night," a film version of the play Sumurun. Pola plays the part of a dancer who is very very wicked. The other two are fellow members of a wandering minstrel troupe. Here they are shown quarreling over her affections.

Eric Von Stroheim, who wrote, directed, and is the star in "Foolish Wives," and Malveen Polo, seventeen-year-old daughter of Eddie Polo; her forthcoming appearance will mark her screen debut. Von Stroheim plays the part of Count Sergius Aprazin, a Russian rouse, who makes women his dupes. Malveen Polo plays the part of the daughter of one of the count's confederates. She, like all the rest, is duped by him.



And here is Pauline Starke, as a model, and Percy Marmont as an artist-roue in "Wife Against Wife," a First National production based on George Broadhurst's play, "The Price." The action is all laid in the Latin Quarter of Paris and, as this scene indicates, is rather spicy.



Norma Talmadge, idol of a million movie fans, is shown here being nice and affectionate with some man not important enough in "The Wonderful Thing," the name of the play from which this scene is taken, to have his name listed. But we'll say he has a mighty nice role, just the same.



A scene proving the old, old adage that Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned. Ardito Melino as Carmen, is about to use a black-snake whip on George Walsh, as Pancho, in a coming production to be called "Serenade."



This is a scene from "Bits of Life," a new Marshall Neilan production. Incidentally, the new production introduces a new star—one Harriet Hammond, whose name is soon going up in electric lights for the first time. She's been on the screen quite a while—but heretofore she was one of Mack Sennett's bathing beauties.





# What's Behind the Grease Paint

By LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD

**I**F beauty is only skin deep, then character must be considerably deeper. And yet character can be applied from a make-up kit, if the actor is skilled in that art.

But facial make-up is only one division of three that goes to make up the illusion of characterization, for physical and mental make-up must also be considered.

Almost any pretty young thing can be an ingenue, but it takes a skillful actor indeed to be a murderous pirate one day and a pious clergyman the next.

Life for me is just one application of

freckled, ungainly, awkward, bow-legged, bashful cowpuncher in "The Round Up." Another role, very much the contrary to that one, was the part of an Italian poet in a previous Paramount picture.

And now comes the mental make-up, which, in my opinion, is just as important as either the facial or physical classifications. By mental make-up is meant the mental state of the actor, before and during the time he plays his part. It is most necessary that he be, in thought as well as in physical action and appearance, the character he portrays. It might even be



*Lucien Littlefield, as he is in every day life,*



*As a mechanic, a minister, and a bookkeeper.*

grease paint after another. I never know how I will have to emerge next.

The basic principle of facial make-up is that of high and low lights. Certain colors, under the lights, register as shadows or sunken places in the skin, and other colors produce the opposite illusion, giving a convex or outstanding effect. The former effect is termed a low light and the latter, a high light. This principle is applied in making up wrinkles, sunken cheeks, lines, scars, sagging skin, overhanging eyebrows, etc. In making a wrinkle, a line is made of color producing a low light. This line is then edged on one side with a high light color, which accentuates the depth of the low light. Red and brown are the best low light colors and light, white or light blue are the best for high lights. Significant of the value of this principle, is the fact that many actresses whose screen beauty would be impaired by a double chin, are able to stay before the camera, thanks to the magic power of a little streak of red

across the second chin, which under the lights, throws the invisible mantle over chin number two.

After the character actor has his face all ready, and has altered his wardrobe to conform with his character, he must then look to his physical make-up. Physical make-up is the assumption, by the actor, of every characteristic, every movement of the hands or arms, or limbs; every mannerism true to the particular type. If the character is an awkward one, the actor must be awkward; if the character is bowlegged, the actor must not forget for a moment to stand with his legs bowed during every scene in which he appears in the picture, but if the character is graceful and flowery the actor must be just as graceful. I could cite many instances of various roles in which such considerations were a most important part of my characterization. One example was the role of "Parenthesis," the homely,

said, without undue exaggeration, that in this correct mental interpretation of the character, lies the keynote of a correct physical and facial make-up. Once I can feel the part I am to play, when I have gotten my mind into that condition of thought where I dwell, mentally, within the very consciousness of the character, then the rest comes natural and easy.

It would be difficult, however, to make a reality out of an imaginary character or mentality, so I have in mind an actual model for nearly every character I portray. I never fail to observe carefully any odd or striking character whom I see on the street or outside of my studio work. I have a mental list stored up from which I draw when in need of inspiration for some role. When I see an unusual character, I watch his actions, engage him in conversation if possible, observe his gestures, his mannerisms, his outstanding features, even his thoughts and views and philosophy of life, and then store him up for future reference.



# How I Got Into The Movies

By an Extra Girl

Editor's note:—Who is this girl? Nobody at the studio could remember. Not even the publicity men, whose business it is to know everything. She seems to have just dropped out. Gotten married, or something. Maybe you know her. If you do, send her name and proof of her identity to the Pantomime offices, suite 914 World Building, New York. Pantomime will pay \$5.00 to the first person positively identifying her, and \$2.00 each to the next ten. Professionals, of course, are barred.

I WAS like thousands of other girls all over the country; anxious to get into the movies. People told me I had a pretty face and figure, and that there wasn't any reason why I couldn't make good. I didn't realize, as I do now, that it takes more than mere physical beauty to succeed on the screen.

My mother, of course, objected to my plans for a career in motion pictures but, like many other girls, I overruled her objections and one day presented myself at one of the biggest motion picture studios in the East for a job. I got no further than the doorman, who told me that they were doing no casting, and wouldn't be likely to for at least a week. I was just a bit disappointed, but I went back a week later to try again.

When I reached the studio I had to stand at the end of a long line, and when I finally got to the Casting Director I was asked if I had had any experience, to which I truthfully replied, "No." I was then told that the only thing open was a part in a mob scene, and that if I wanted it to report the following morning at nine o'clock. I did so; and for three days thereafter I suffered the in-

dignity of being pushed about as part of a mob while a perspiring director tried to control us. I was almost cured of my desire for a motion picture career at the end of those three days but I picked up my courage and was soon at the Casting Director's office again.

Luckily, I was of a type which he needed just then and I was given a small part in another production. After that it was just a case of haunting the studio, getting a minor role now and then until I was given a rather important part in a big picture. I made good, and my reward was the position of "guaranteed extra;" that is, I was paid a regular weekly salary, and a little extra when I worked.

I don't know how long it will be before I graduate into regular roles. I suppose if I stick at it, and keep my eyes and ears open learning from others, I might have a chance to see my name in electric lights yet. But whatever happens, I know this much; That the road to stardom in motion pictures is a long, hard one. And the recipe for success is the same as in other things; to succeed, you must work, work, work.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## Was Darwin Right?



If Darwin was right they probably had handy men around the house in the days of long, long ago, just as they have today.

The accompanying picture of Soko, the male chimpanzee in the National Zoological Society's collection at Washington, D. C., is a fair bit of evidence toward showing that men today are not so very much different in their habits and pursuits than the anthropoids were in the days when they were assumed to have been in the majority. You can see that Soko is all ready for the screen. He works without pay, too.

Since G. Bernard Shaw brought out his "Back to Methuselah" all the old arguments about the merits of Darwin's theory of Evolution of Man have been revived. So Charles Urban decided to collect a whole lot of evidence, put it in a motion picture and let audiences everywhere judge for themselves how right Darwin was. Hence a new film called "Was Darwin Right?" The picture shows thirty-seven different kinds of anthropoids, beginning with the gorilla and going down the line of strength and intelligence; the chimpanzee, the orang-outan, the mandrill, the baboon and so on down to the commonest type of monkey.





# THE SPEED GIRL



At the tender age of three Betty Lee developed a mania for speed. She graduated from a Kiddie Car to a pony. At eighteen she tackled an aeroplane. Through all the years of her vivid youth her mother lived in an awful state of expectancy—that something might happen to her. At twenty—Betty found an outlet for her love of speed and daring in the movies and no stunt was too sensational for her to tackle.

At the speed drome she rode a motorcycle in a daring race while the camera ground. A group of curious spectators were horrified to see her cycle shoot off the edge and crash upon the ground. The director took a close-up of Betty under her broken motorcycle and said; "Very good—we'll try that again."

Carl D'Arcy, a rich idler, found Betty a very attractive little person and just because she was so full of life and so completely satisfied with her career he was all the more anxious to win her. He was not used to having his expensive attentions treated lightly. Being cultured and interesting to talk to, Betty did not mind his attentions and grew to be very fond of him. But all the time on her little dressing table and secure in her memory was the image of a young naval officer, who two years before had saved her life on her runaway pony and incidentally won her affections.

Just as D'Arcy was making headway with Betty the young sailor, now a full-fledged Lieutenant, appeared upon the scene—Betty's dressing room—and they flew into each other's arms—boy and girl together again for the moment. Lieutenant Tom Manley was just in from a two year's cruise around the world and he invited Betty to luncheon next day at one to meet some of his friends.

D'Arcy, who was stopping at the same hotel, very smoothly invited himself to the luncheon party which was held in a private dining room. Betty, embarrassed that he should force his way in, suddenly discovered that he made the thirteenth at the table. She announced that they would have to draw lots and see who got the fatal number thirteen and withdraw from the party. Betty passed the numbers in one of the officer's caps and carefully held number thirteen against the sweat band of the hat. She reached D'Arcy last and gave number thirteen to him. With very bad grace he withdrew.

Outside in the lobby as he passed the cloak rack he saw Betty's long gloves protruding out of Manley's overcoat. In D'Arcy's pocket was a desperate little letter from Hilda, whom he had deserted. The last page contained a postscript which he tore off and stuck in the gloves. He then went to his hotel room and

Hilda herself appeared as a chambermaid. Without means she had taken the only job she could get. Just at the sight of him she forgot his cruelty to her and begged to be taken back. He tried to calm her—suggested a drink. He produced a bottle of whiskey—needed a cork-screw—sent Hilda for one.

Across the hall is the hotel manager's own bedroom—he is being interviewed by two revenue officers. Through the open transom they overhear Hilda ask to borrow a cork-screw from a bellboy. The two follow the girl back to D'Arcy's room. They knock on the door as D'Arcy is about to pull the cork. Afraid to be caught with the goods, D'Arcy shoves the bottle at Hilda, who hides it under the towels she carries on her arm, while D'Arcy opens the door on the unwelcome visitors. They find the bottle on Hilda. D'Arcy with a glance at her which says "Keep quiet"—warns Hilda to say nothing. The officers arrest the girl and take her away. Hilda willingly sacrifices herself for the man she loves, still believing he will look out for her and marry her.

In the meantime at the luncheon party Manley insists on going back to his ship by the three o'clock train. Betty surreptitiously sets his wrist watch back thirty minutes. When he finally discovers this fact that he has missed his train, he tells Betty that

the fleet is sailing at seven that evening for fleet manoeuvres and he will be subject to court martial and it is now too late to get back in time. Betty, horrified at the serious consequences of her practical joke, jumps up and says she will get him there in her speedster.

With Soapy, her press agent, in the mother-in-law's seat, Lieutenant Manley at the wheel and Betty beside him, they start off. D'Arcy arrives in the entrance of the hotel in time to see the car depart. One of the officers waving goodbye explains the reason for the mad race against time. D'Arcy, already jealous of his rival, and only too anxious to make trouble for him, phones the sheriff at . . . . ., gives him the license number of the car



and that they are just leaving Los Angeles, also telling him that Manley is going to break all the speed laws. The sheriff sends out a squad of motorcycle officers to be on the lookout for the approaching motor car.

A second installment of The Speed Girl will be printed next week. Then you finish it and get some of Pantomime's easy money. Full details as to how you may get \$25.00 or \$15.00 or \$10.00 for a few minutes pleasure, will be found on page seven of this issue.



# Charlie Chaplin's New Romance?

THAT tremendous silence of Charles Spencer ('Charlie') Chaplin and May Collins in respect to the rumor which links their names together has been as unavailing to keep their names apart as were the well-known efforts of the King's horses and the King's men to put Humpty-Dumpty together again.

Rumor, the same Rumor who mentioned Adam and Eve to the serpent, and who has never neglected the affairs of the great, began months ago to whisper in the greedy ears of the world the news that Mr. Chaplin had fallen at Miss Collins' feet, in a manner of speaking; and as Mr. Chaplin had amply demonstrated on the screen his capacity for falling, why, it seemed there might be something in it.

Miss Collins is a really charming miss of eighteen who, in the light of upbringing and education, makes the ordinary movie ingenue look more distressingly like Forty-seventh Street, New York, than she usually does.

Mr. Chaplin is interested in many of the things which have interested Miss Collins—sociology, economics, and the like. He is also interested in the movies—and so is Miss Collins, who will be seen on the screen in "All's Fair in Love," a Goldwyn picture which will soon be released, and in several other photoplays.

The divorce decree between Chaplin and Mildred Harris becomes effective shortly, and the west coast is wondering what is going to happen. Perhaps we could have mentioned this before; we almost forgot it, but Charlie has a rival, and that's what makes the coast wonder. His rival is Richard Dix, a young leading man who appears with Miss Collins in "All's Fair in Love." Mr. Dix has contributed drama to the situation by making it fairly obvious that he rather likes the demure May. And May apparently doesn't dislike the debonair Richard; and apparently she doesn't dislike the only Charlie.

And while the movie colony buzzes and while newspapers all over the country continue to print items and pictures of Chaplin and Miss Collins linking their names, the great comedian and the talented ingenue continue to hold their tongues. Only once has either of them spoken. Miss Collins made a statement of about ten words denying their engagement and saying they were merely "good friends." Nevertheless!—

And while the "thunders of silence" continue to roll from Mr. Chaplin and Miss Collins, Mr. Dix walks in the background and leaves you wondering if he will get any close-ups in the matter before he is through, or before May or Charlie are through, or before anybody is through. Will Charlie and May appear suddenly at some California Gretna Green some day in the near

future and there once and for all put an end to the rumor linking their names together by linking them together themselves?

A lot of people wouldn't be surprised.

Meanwhile, the King's horses and the King's men in the mess of Humpty-Dumpty might take a lesson in putting things together from the highly successful efforts of Mr. Rumor with the names of Charles Spencer ('Charlie') Chaplin and May Collins.

\* \* \*

## Last of the Orlamonds

A famous family of actors will come to an end when William Orlamond is laid away to his final resting place.

The Orlamonds have been actors for generations and although William is the last of these he demonstrated that he is not the least. He was born and educated in Copenhagen,

Denmark, the home of the Orlamond family. The first of the actor family to leave their native country, he came to America at an early age. Of course he wanted to act, but because he could speak very little English he had to play dialect comedian roles for a long time.

He has been acting before the camera since 1918, having supported Nazimova in "Madame Peacock," and "Camille." He also played with Will Rogers in two of the star's pictures, "Boys Will Be Boys" and "Doubling for Romeo," and with Tom Moore in "Beating the Game."

\* \* \*

## Page the Blondes

Are blondes now losing favor? May Allison, very much on the defensive, declares the statement of a New York dramatic critic to the effect that the blonde star was no longer a favorite, is entirely untrue. And Miss Allison, a perfect blonde herself, should know.

She says:—"Whoever conceived the wild idea that blondes were the weaker type of feminism? The brunettes may be more dazzling, but they shine by reflected glory from their fairer sisters.

"Of course, I am not speaking of the drug store variety. I mean the honest-to-goodness-blondie, who never touches up her hair. It's as easy to spot the hand-made blonde as it is to distinguish black from white.

"The blonde stands for all that is truly feminine. Their clear, crystal type commands the respect of all. Truth shines from their eyes, and they possess that ease and poise which is foreign to their darker friends.

\* \* \*

If you happen to have a trick cook book, please send it to E. Mason Hopper, at Culver City, Calif. The director has 113, and he's superstitious.



*Here we have May Collins, rumored bride-to-be of the immortal Charlie Chaplin, and Charlie's rival, young Richard Dix. And what ho! May seems to be sitting on his lap. Not so good for Charlie, eh?*



# Snapped Outside The Studio



Ethel Clayton playing the role of the barber.  
A close shave for Roy Barnes.



Here's Mason Hopper, Goldwyn Director whiling away some spare moments with a bunch of pickaninnies used as extras in one of his productions.

## Smash! There goes \$30,000!

Buying \$30,000 worth of furniture for a single interior setting and then smashing it all before the camera is realistic but expensive.

Yet that is what Wallace Reid does in "The Affairs of Anatol," just released.

The setting in question is an ultra-luxurious apartment designed by Paul Iribe and furnished with approximately \$30,000 worth of furniture. This included a valuable set of Louis XVI chairs, a magnificently carved phonograph case of unique design, a grand piano, lamps, mirrors, tables, a desk and a lounge.

Wallace Reid was instructed to run amuck, smashing everything breakable in the set. He obeyed orders to the letter. Using the smaller pieces of furniture as bludgeons, Reid shattered everything in sight while the cameras clicked just out of range of his blows. Mirrors, lamps, chairs, phonograph and piano were demolished one by one.

As a conclusion to the scene, the husky star seized the huge overstuffed divan and hurled it bodily through the French doors at one end of the set.



Eileen Sedgwick, who has quite a reputation as a screen dare-devil, is here portrayed with R. E. Taylor, the Texas goat king. You'll note that Eileen got his goat.



Gladys Walton seems to be taking a bath, doesn't she? Wonder if the censors will object to this picture? However, it was snapped by a lady camera man. That ought to help some.



# Snapped Outside The Studio



Cecil DeMille is shown here instructing Lady Gilbert Parker, wife of the novelist, and Elinor Glynn, authoress of the famed "Three Weeks," in the gentle art of acting for the screen. Both these noted women were extras in "The Affairs of Anatol," a film just released.



Here's Julia Fay getting acquainted with a leopard used in a scene in one of her latest films. The leopard, of course, is guaranteed to be gentle—but we'd just as lief she took the chance instead of us.

## Can Europe Produce Good Pictures?

Can Europe make movies that equal those produced in this country?

Given American directors and American players, Europe can easily produce pictures that not only will be as good as those made in this country, but will have the added attraction of the beautiful scenery and the historical settings of the Old World.

For instance, John S. Robertson, whose genius was responsible for "Sentimental Tommy" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," is now working in London producing "Perpetua" from a play by Dion Clayton Calthrop. In the leading roles are Ann Forrest and David Powell, two well-known American players. Scenes for this production will be photographed in France, as well as England.



Dorothy Dalton, as can be seen here, does considerably more than parade the beach in a nifty costume. She's a real swimmer, and proves it. This picture was taken some two hundred yards out from the shore.



Here's Milton Sills the star, and his family, snapped on the lawn in front of their home—thereby proving that screen notables can also be thoroughly domestic. Mrs. Sills was herself a noted actress—Gwladys Wynne—Welch, as the spelling indicates. The daughter, Dorothy, is eight years old.



# The Beauty of Being Homely

By ROSCOE (Fatty) ARBUCKLE

I AM fat—and nobody loves a fat man. And whatever beauty I have is wholly an inner beauty—a beauty of soul rather than a beauty of line. For fat men DO have souls, and things.

But being fat and homely has its compensations, even though the business of reducing weight has become the country's fifth largest industry.

For instance, people laugh at you when you're fat. They do me. In fact, last year they laughed several thousand dollars' worth at me. The proverb says, "Laugh and be fat." I say, "Be fat, and laugh!" Ha! Ha!

But mere pelf is, as the fellow says, nothing. There are bigger things in life than money. You'd appreciate that if you were fat.

You see, when you're fat and homely nobody ever asks you to pose for a collar advertisement. You don't get any requests to indorse the latest eyebrow wash, or form-fitting sport suits. Nobody asks you if you'd rather make love in the moonlight than in features. In fact, you're free from many kinds of annoyances.

And in the last reel of your pictures, when the poor harassed heroine is looking around for a place to lay her weary head, what is more natural than that she should turn to the ample bosom of our hero? Nothing is more natural, is my retort. Many a feminine head has come to roost on my manly shoulders, while I have beamed blissfully and the jealous birds out in the audience have ground their teeth and sighed, "The lucky stiff!"

Of course, there's such a thing as being too fat. When a man gets up around 400 pounds or so, and the back of his coat looks like the big top of Barnum & Bailey's circus then, I feel, he is putting on flesh, and should think of dieting. But up to 400 pounds a chap can be looked upon as a broth of a boy, who will grow up to be a help to his folks.

And take my face. Now it's a pretty good old face, as faces go. It has stuck to me through many years, and I feel rather friendly toward it. Of course, it hasn't the chiselled beauty of an



*His Morning Exercise*

Apollo Belvidere, even though it has the cleanliness of Apollo Soap. It's hardly a face that would launch a thousand ships, but who the deuce wants that kind of a face anyway. Look at the mess the Shipping Board's in already. If I launched another thousand ships with my face it would knock the shipping situation cuckoo. And think what it would do to my face.

A lot of unthinking people laugh at my face. They didn't know I heard them laugh, but I did, because I was hidden away in the back of the theatre. But strange as it may seem, I didn't feel a bit hurt when they laughed. In fact, I rather liked the idea. Laughs to me sound like the jingle of the cash register.

Oh, it's not so hard to be fat and homely.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## The Mash Note King

(A chat with Wallace Reid on letters from Fans)



**M**ILLIONS of young girls—and old girls, too—see Wallace Reid each week in pictures. And, it seems, every blessed one of them is moved to take her pen in hand and write to him to tell him her hopes, her problems and especially how much she admires him.

And what does Wallace Reid think of these tons of letters and these millions of fair correspondents? Here's what he says—

"While I am naturally gratified to receive letters telling me what a wonderful person I am—who wouldn't be?—at the same time I always realize that, whether they know it or not, it is really the hero of the picture and not me whom the writers admire. I usually play sympathetic roles, personifying young men who do the sort of things girls like to see young men do. However, as none of these young people know me in real life, I never let myself develop the idea that it is anybody else but the characters I play that they worship.

"Aside from the admiration which the letters frequently express, they also contain a great deal of helpful advice. You may be sure I make the most of it, too!

"But the best thing I like about fan letters is that they bring a personal touch between player and public, which, otherwise the screen would lack. The actor in stage plays can see and hear his audience; but we of the screen do our work far away from the public. If it were not for letters from our friends among the public this gulf would never be bridged.

"Moreover, I count every one of the people who write me letters among my personal friends. For, after all, if a person never having seen me in real life, is sufficiently interested in me to write, that person is a friend. And a friend is worth having, whether he lives next door, or on the other side of the world."



# Emotion to Order

By Betty Compson

**P**ERHAPS one of the greatest difficulties stage stars encounter when performing before a motion picture camera for the first time is the absence of that sympathetic feeling from the audience. On the stage, an actor sub-consciously knows whether or not his audience is "with" him. This feeling is made manifest by the attentiveness, applause, etc. of the spectators, but the motion picture player must needs perform before a hard-boiled audience of carpenters, stagehands, cameramen, continuity clerks and directors.

To offset the disadvantages of a non-receptive "audience" the motion picture studios employ a musician, generally a violinist, to help the players "emote," and it is surprising how greatly screen acting is enhanced by the melodious accompaniment.

There is more than one way in which music proves its



*Here's Betty in Joyous mood.*

play appropriate tunes. A soft waltz helps the heroine to be properly tearful, while a jazz piece makes the comedy star more receptive to the custard pie. A person can best realize the importance of appropriate music for players by trying to imagine what the result of a scene would be if a jazz piece were played for a star while she was trying to register intense sorrow at the death-bed of a relative.

Another important point about music in motion pictures is the selection of the real thing in order to create the proper atmosphere for a certain scene. That is, if a scene is to be filmed showing Scotch bagpipers playing, Scotch, *real* Scotch, bagpipers are hired for the occasion. The same applies to Hawaiian ukelele and guitar players, Russian Blalalika orchestras, Chinese musicians or colored jazz artists. And it is nothing unusual



*Here she is registering wistfulness.*

value in the making of motion pictures. In the first place, it can be used as an "off-screen" means of "pepping up" the company when a number of particularly trying scenes have been "shot" and no one is very anxious to start working again.

Contrary to general opinion, the life of a motion picture player is by no means a bed of roses and, after going through the same scene again and again in order to attain perfection, there is nothing like a jazzy tune to bring up one's spirits. Then again, there are many dreary moments between scenes that are quickly whiled away by the

studio troubadours. If we aren't too tired we usually dance.

George Melford, director of Paramount Pictures, is a strong advocate of jazz. It is not an unusual sight at the Lasky studio to see Mr. Melford, with a number of players in his company, off in one corner lustily singing and playing and thus forgetting the many cares and worries which beset the film workers in spite of care and precaution.

Mr. Melford has an unusual character in "Speed" Hanson, the studio troubador. "Speed" sings in queer, half-talking way, and writes his own lyrics set to his own compositions. He generally paraphrases some of the happenings of the troupe and his genial musical interludes are a great help on location. "Speed" dresses up occasionally and appears in the picture, but mostly he is off set, plunking away industriously on his guitar. In the Middle Ages he would have been a strolling minstrel, perhaps a Cyrano de Bergerac.

But the commonest sight in any studio today is to see a violinist standing on a set just beyond the range of the camera, playing a tune in temper with the scene. These studio violinists are really excellent musicians and follow the mood of the actor and

for a director to insist upon having an Italian play a wheezy old hand-organ just for an added touch of atmosphere for an East Side scene.

It must be remembered that all this attention to detail is justified, for the film actor hasn't the inspiration of an audience, the lights of a theatre, an orchestra, etc. He has to work to a lot of people who are as blasé as he is perhaps. Also there is that camera clicking away. And the set is but a spot in a big open stage, possibly. And he has to get up and emote or act funny or be shot and die—and be natural and convincing. There is where the music has its helpful quality.

As a matter of fact, the screen actor has a much harder job to be natural than his stage brother. They'll all tell you that. It is a real test of acting. It isn't so bad when there's a big crowd and a big set and everybody excited and up to their ears in work. But when you get some quiet little corner with two or three persons working—then it's hard. And maybe that scene on the screen will be more poignant than one of the big showy affairs—you never can tell!

★ ★ ★

Tom Moore, who works with Will Rogers, has a new saddle horse named Spider which stands seventeen and one-half hands high, can act better, according to its owner, than lots of extra men and "can turn on a quarter, and leave twenty-two cents change."

★ ★ ★

Rupert Hughes is helping direct a new picture of his own writing to be called "The Wall Flower." Colleen Moore has the leading role with Tom Gallery. Gertrude Astor, and Fanny Stockbridge are also in the cast.



*Here Betty shows the tender emotion.*



# Beating the Cost of Clothes

By MARION DAVIES



in my little sewing room in my home in Riverside Drive, cutting cloth, laying patterns or with my head buried in the latest fashion magazines or some book on ancient costumes which I have borrowed from the library.

Kneeling before the dummy I don't believe I make a very pretty picture. For one thing my mouth, usually, is stuffed with pins.

So many letters have been sent me about my dresses—I just love to dress up, don't you—that this season I've made a series of twelve original designs for which I drew the sketches myself, mapped the patterns and wrote the instructions. These have been published in 150 newspapers throughout the country and I've gotten thousands of letters from persons who have followed my instructions and made the dresses. So they can't be so bad, can they?

If you'd like, I'll be glad to send you some of my designs. Just write to the editor of this magazine, and he'll see that my own representative sends you several—And you're very welcome to them. Clothes cost us girls too much. We've just got to get together and do something about it.

To the left  
is  
Marion  
at  
work



Here's  
Marion  
in a  
dress she  
made

**C**LOTHES—the eternal question. Ask any woman in any station of life, of any profession—from the dark-skinned, white-toothed African with rings through her nose to the smartest tailored woman stepping out of her brougham on any boulevard. Ask her her ideas of dress and she will respond.

The problem today, however, among civilized nations in regard to women's clothes is not so much the kind but the cost. And how to dress and still eat and sleep is among the paramount questions of the hour.

No one in the world today has to buy or to wear so many clothes as the motion pic-

ture actress. In the making of a picture it is almost as big an element as the story itself, or the direction or the supporting cast. And for each picture, the cost of the star's clothes goes way up in the thousands.

How do I lower this figure? By designing and making myself fully one-half of the clothes I wear not only in pictures but also in my private life.

I've always had a love for designing, so I plan every costume, even those I don't have time to make. I actually do all the work on the simplest of these as well as the more simple of my frocks for home and street wear. Evenings after my day's work at the studio, one usually can find me



# How I Choose My Costumes

as told to Joan Grayson

By Gloria Swanson

WHEN I first saw Gloria Swanson after her arrival in New York, amazement and incredulity took the place of mere surprise. That this little bit of a thing could be the same regal beauty who had queened it over others in her pictures was quite unbelievable.

Then I learned. There are two Gloria Swansons—the tall, queenly person of the screen, and the petite, vivacious girl of real life.

"How is it done?" I gasped.

"Clothes," she smiled. I must have appeared blank for she went on, "You see for street and home wear, I rather emphasize my smallness, while in the pictures my directors insist that I appear distinctively tall.

"Being just a tiny bit over five feet makes it rather difficult. In contrast with the other feminine members of the cast, it is essential I appear taller. This is because my roles are of serious nature. For some reason, as yet unexplained, people still insist that an emotional role must be portrayed by a tall person, or at least one who looks that way. Because of this my clothes must be so fashioned as to give the impression of height.

"Added to this comes the question of harmonizing the costume with the character to be portrayed. For instance, when I am called upon for the simulation of unaffected girlishness, as in the first part of "The Great Moment," my frocks are simply designed, yet retain a heightening effect achieved through the nature of the materials used, such as stripes—or narrow pieces of a contrasting color in lengthwise strips.

"If the character is of exotic nature, height is retained through the utilization of barbaric designs. Thus—the eye is so occupied with this gorgeous array—that it is unconcerned with the question of height.

"With my suits the same method prevails. Simple lines always, with the line of the coat being barely distinguishable. When I am supposed to give the illusion of a woman of the world, such as I become in the latter part of "The

Great Moment," the impression to be given then is rather one of poise and coldness. Again the gown helps, the designer achieving her impression of height through the medium of strands of pearls draped round to an extreme effect at the feet. effect at the feet.

"The principle element I avoid is the use of lace or fluffy materials. Opaque materials are always most to be desired, as they tend to emphasize, if used in elongated effects, the essentials of a dignified costume. With my street costumes quite another effect is striven for.

"Outside the studio, I invariably costume myself as a tiny person should."

\* \* \*

## Fame—at 16 Months

Marie Morehouse is only sixteen months old—but already she has money in the bank which she earned herself. Marie, one of our better-known screen actresses, began her career at the age of three months, and after thirteen months not only has an enviable bank roll, but is famous in her profession.

Marie was the baby in "The Old Nest," Rupert Hughes' story produced by Goldwyn, in which Mary Alden has scored such a success as the mother. She also went on location to Big Bear with the "Ace of Hearts" company when only about a year old.

A native daughter of the sunny Southland, this smallest of all the stars that twinkle on the silver sheet, is a dancer, swimmer and singer, and more than all that, can stand on her head.

According to Marie, the way to keep young is to have plenty of naps and drink lots of milk. She expects to star until she has reached the mature age of 5, when she will take a vacation in some exclusive kindergarten of the city.

Later, she says, she expects to go to take up domestic science, after which she'll be ready to marry, preferably a policeman.





## Fandom Notes

Mary Miles Minter is back from a two months' holiday in Europe, and she's all jazzed up for another picture.

\* \* \*

"Miss Lulu Bett," the Zona Gale play which has been such a New York stage sensation, is being produced by William DeMille. Lois Wilson and Milton Sills have the leads.

\* \* \*

With the death of the great Caruso there is a big demand for his only picture, "My Cousin." It was made about two years ago, playing to big houses.

\* \* \*

After fifty years on the stage, chiefly in musical comedy, Frankie McNish has cast his lot in the movies. Frankie should have a future.

\* \* \*

At last, Wanda Hawley is working in a picture whose title absolutely fits her—fits her like one of those one-piece bathing suits that the glooms are fussing about. It's called "The Love Charm." Fits her, eh?

\* \* \*

Art is long, but these are hard times. Consequently Henry Clive, pretty well known as a painter, has signed a year's contract to do posters for movies. Incidentally, he is going to have an exhibit in a New York gallery this Fall.

\* \* \*

Bebe Daniels, quite proficient in driving a car, going to jail, vamping leading men and various other accomplishments, has decided she wants to learn the saxophone. She's a sweet young thing and her neighbors will undoubtedly tolerate the outrage.

\* \* \*

Yep, Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle is at it again. He's traipsing 'round the California deserts making scenes for another railroad picture. It's called "Freight Prepaid," and the producers have chartered a special freight train for Roscoe's transportation. How would you like to pay freight on Roscoe?

\* \* \*

Julia Crawford Ivers, a movie supervisor, has just come back from Italy and doesn't like it.

"I found they had no artificial lights," she said. "They shrug their shoulders at our modern equipment and say 'Ah, but we have art.' Which is all very well but—"

\* \* \*

Girls, it's humor you need to hold your husbands to you. Thompson Buchanan, playwright and movie builder, says so. "The wildest vamp, movie or otherwise," he declared, "can't take a wife from her husband provided the wife has a sense of humor. Given that, any wife can handle any husband like putty."

\* \* \*

T. Roy Barnes was a comedian at birth and has been one ever since, as he again proves in Ethel Clayton's latest, "Exit the Vamp." As a youth T. Roy worked for a shoemaker. "That is probably the worst shoe ever made," said that gentleman as he gazed upon the boy's first effort. "Not at all," was the reply, "you haven't seen the other one yet." Yes—Roy was fired.

\* \* \*

Eddie Polo, movie daredevil, has a seventeen-year-old daughter who has a leading part in a big Universal serial called "Foolish Wives" and Edwin Arden, famed "Talkie" actor, has a sixteen-year-old daughter, Mildred, who is prominent in the cast of "Sisters," a Kathleen Norris story, which Cosmopolitan is screening. Maybe heredity ain't so much!

\* \* \*

Theodore Roberts, veteran of veterans among the character men of the screen, doesn't always need a grease paint make-up to change his expression. He went out fishing with Mrs. Roberts recently and a whale dived under their boat. Theodore turned a delightful pastel shade of green—and remained that hue until he saw the sea monster come up with the boat still right side up.

Speeding Westward recently a company of dignitaries got thrills equal to any they had ever seen in movies—and they had seen some pictures. They were blase censors going to attend a convention of their craft at Universal City. Just out of Chicago their special car caught fire. Later they ran into a washout in New Mexico.

\* \* \*

Mary Glynne, whom you may have seen playing the lead in "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," can tell you why screen bathing beauties shouldn't wear high-heeled shoes and keep so dry. The other day she visited one of the Pacific beaches and took home such a case of sunburn it was three days before she could put on make-up. Maybe Mary should have gone in the water.

\* \* \*

Marie Prevost has quit wearing trick bathing suits for Sennet and has started wearing dignified gowns for Universal—and for about the first time in her career has had to go in the water. The snappiest scenes in one of her newest productions are built round pretty Marie in a surf up to her neck. They do say Marie has the sniffles but she dodged the croup.

\* \* \*

Ye who would break into the movies, list:—chew no gum!

Cecil DeMille directed a picture the other day in which nearly 1,000 extra people were employed. When the film was looked over in the projection room three of those extra people had wobbly jaws. They were addicted to Spearmint. It cost the Paramount Company more than \$5,000 to retake the scene. No, the gum chewers weren't there.

\* \* \*

If ex-service men can raise the necessary fare they probably can get jobs as extra men (or something) out on the Coast. Prescilla Dean likes their ilk. This is why. Her company was on the Bull River in British Columbia. The scene was being filmed on the apron of a dam—and that dam threatened to give way. Fifty extra men, all former soldiers, worked all night in icy water up to their waist to save the structure so that the scene might be completed. By so doing they cut themselves off from a month's extra pay; for had the dam gone out, it would have had to have been rebuilt and the men would have been held on the payroll during reconstruction.

## Questions and Answers

Q. Who was Constance Binney's leading man in "Such a Little Queen" and "The Magic Cup"?—Lucille.

A. Vincent Coleman.

\* \* \*

Q. Who played the part of "Valicia" in "Beyond Price" and what are some of her recent productions?—R. E. L.

A. Nora Reed. She has lately appeared in "The Miracle of Manhattan" and "A Dangerous Paradise."

\* \* \*

Q. Where can I get in touch with Wanda Hawley?—Rosie.

A. Address Miss Hawley in care of Realart Pictures Corporation, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

\* \* \*

Q. Is Lucille Lee Stewart still making pictures?—Goldie.

A. No, she has retired. Incidentally she is the wife of Ralph Ince, the director.

\* \* \*

Q. Who is the new leading lady for Charles Hutchison?—S. G.

A. Lucy Fox is the new serial heroine and she has lately appeared in "The Money Maniac," "The Empire of Diamonds" and "Something Different."

\* \* \*

Q. What company is May Murray now working for?—Willie.

A. May Murray is producing pictures independently. Her first picture will be "The White Peacock" directed by Robert Z. Leonard, her husband.

\* \* \*

Q. Is it true that Tom Moore has recently married? If so who is his wife?—Ruth A. W.

A. Yes, it is true that Tom Moore is married and Renee Doree is the lucky girl. She has appeared in a number of his latest pictures.



# KATHRYN McGUIRE

## The Girl on the other side of this Cover

**K**ATHRYN McGUIRE is an exemplification of the truth that there is always room at the top.

A little more than a year ago she was one of the thousands of young women haunting the studios in Los Angeles for a chance to work now and then as an "extra." Today she is in the position of having completed the creation of the feminine lead in one picture and stepped right out of the cast of that one to take the leading feminine role in another production.

There was no luck attached to her rise, unless being born with tireless energy and a fascinating beauty, combined with the will to live the life necessary for the preservation of both, can be termed luck. Without conceit she decided that her assets were saleable in the motion picture field and she set about the task of making producers appreciate it.

There was nothing bizarre in her method. She took up her residence in Los Angeles. She kept in touch with the studio news and was among the first arrivals on the days when "extras" were to be hired. She went to bed early, passing up the pleasures available in Los Angeles at night, on the theory that she wanted to look her best and be able to work her hardest when the chance came.

She did not realize it even when her big chance came. She was among the two thousand people who were used in the filming of the

gigantic ball room scene in Mack Sennett's production of "Molly O" with Mabel Normand, which will be released this Fall by Associated Producers, Inc.

She knew she had been in front of the camera several times, but it was not until several weeks later that she knew she had been singled out and watched during working and rest hours during her entire engagement there.

She made the discovery when she received an offer from H. O. Davis of the leading feminine role in "The Silent Call," a Laurence Trimble-Jane Murfin production, which is another of the announced fall releases of Associated Producers. Mr. Davis had chosen her entirely upon the appearance she had made during the trying times in the Sennett studio when a crowd of two thousand was being used on set.

Then came an offer from Mack Sennett. The production following "Molly O" was about to be started and Mr. Sennett selected her for a leading feminine role in that. Arrangements were made, facilitated by the fact that the Davis company works in the Sennett studios, whereby "The Silent Call" engagement would not interfere with the Sennett offer.

Her accomplishment has carried her to the portals of stardom, and it is freely predicted that she will be voted in by the public when "Molly O" and the "Silent Call" have been shown in the theatres.



# Pantomime



*Kathryn McQuire*